

your Majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry: "this paper has just been picked up."

"What's in it?" said the Queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit; "but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody."

"It must have been that," said the King, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know."



"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.

"It isn't directed at all," said the White Rabbit: "in fact, there's nothing written on the *outside*." He unfolded the paper as

he spoke, and added: "It isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated s
said the King. (The jury all

"Please your Majesty,"
didn't write it, and they ca
there's no name signed at t

"If you didn't sign it," sa
makes the matter worse.
some mischief, or else yo
name like an honest man."

There was a general clap
it was the first really clev
said that day.

"That *proves* his guilt,
Queen: "so, off with——"

"It doesn't prove anythi
Alice. "Why, you don't ev
about!"

"Read them," said the K

The White Rabbit put on l
shall I begin, please your M

"Begin at the beginning,
gravely, "and go on till you
stop."

There was dead silence i
White Rabbit read out thes